

Eternities still unsaid

by slef

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Eternities still unsaid

Eternities still unsaid A US Marshals/ Highlander TS crossover

By Slef

Tell me if you want to see

A world outside your window

A world outside your window isn't free

And tell me if you wanna catch that feeling of redemption

That feeling of redemption doesn't do much for me

Tanika Tikaram - World outside your window

He was running hard, focused only on reaching and catching the man in front of him. He'd long since left the rest of his team behind and he too was losing ground. The man running away from him jumped over ditches and kept going as if having boundless energy.

He scraped together another breath and kept going. He had to catch this fugitive.

The man in front reached a wall in his way. He stopped suddenly and looked back at his pursuer, his face shrouded in shadow. Then he leaped over the wall and disappeared from sight.

He reached the wall, looked over and reeled back as vertigo sucked at him. A bottomless chasm stretched down, and he could almost still see his quarry falling...

* * *

Sam jerked awake. A moment of disorientation and he relaxed. He was in his own bed, in his apartment. Everything was normal. Outside the sky was graying towards dawn and the sounds of traffic were picking up.

Sam stretched and prepared to get up. Then a feeling of hopelessness struck and he sunk back into the bed. \\Why bother?\\ He had nowhere to go, nothing to do. The powers that be had spoken and Sam was on forced leave. They felt he was overworked and depressed. Sam felt they should have realized the work was all that kept him going. He sighed and got up anyway. Even the miserable vision of sitting around for endless hours was better than falling asleep again.

The dream. The dream was the same every night, and it always woke him up. He was starting to believe that if he could only catch the guy in the dream, he'd be able to get some rest afterwards.

Fixing breakfast seemed like too much of a chore. Anyway, he'd sat in his apartment for two days, watching infomercials and going out of his mind. So he dressed, grabbed his wallet and stalked outside in search of a decent breakfast.

* * *

He'd found a diner and had ordered poached eggs, bacon and toast, and took them up on the bottomless cup of coffee. He sat in a window seat watching people go by as he nursed cup number three. He envied the people in the street, men and women late for work, rushing to their offices. At least they had a purpose.

He wasn't sure when the chase had become just a job, when going to work had become the only reason to wake up each morning. He supposed the psychologist who reviewed him thought it was because of Noah's death, but it wasn't, not really.

But certainly, since Noah's death things had gotten worse. For a while he thought he'd be ok. People died. He accepted that. But in Newman he'd seen himself, when he still had enthusiasm and a lust for life. To have lost that was the worst blow he could have taken.

Finishing his cup he considered going in to the office anyway and saying 'hello', but dismissed the idea right away. The kids had work to do and he would just interfere. Anyway, Catherine would probably ban him from the building if she saw him. He sighed, got up and paid his bill. He'd figure out something to do.

* * *

He walked out of the diner and collided with two men on the sidewalk.

"I'm sorry!" he exclaimed as he inadvertently pushed through them. Then he took a closer look. "Noah?"

Shocked eyes met his. Then the eyes turned cold and an indifferent voice said: "Not me, pal." and the man whirled away and disappeared among the crowd.

Sam made to follow but a hand on his arm restrained him. He turned around to face the other man, his brain automatically starting to catalogue facial features. Hazel eyes, prominent cheekbones, large but well-formed nose, crooked smile. Short-cropped dark hair, no earrings; wearing gray sweater, black jeans, black trench coat and black shoes.

"Easy, friend," the man said softly, his voice deep with a trace of English accent.

Sam shook himself mentally. Of course that wasn't Newman.

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "He reminded me of someone I used to know."

The other man nodded sympathetically. "A friend?"

"Yeah... well..." Sam turned and walked away.

* * *

I may be numberless, I may be innocent
I may know many things, I may be ignorant
Or I could ride with kings and conquer many lands
Or win this world at cards and let it slip my hands
I could be cannon food, destroyed a thousand times
Reborn as fortune's child to judge another's crimes
Or wear this pilgrim's cloak, or be a common thief
I've kept this single faith, I have but one belief
Sting - A Thousand Years

Adam Pierson, also known in limited circles as Methos, stood watching as Sam walked away. Samuel Gerard, Noah's friend. He knew all about him. The kid never could stop talking about his job as a US Marshal and his boss, the legendary Sam Gerard.

It was obvious to Adam that Gerard was a very unhappy man. He

wondered why. \\Oh well, not my problem.\\ He turned to leave and noticed something on the sidewalk by his feet. Gerard's wallet. The man must have dropped it when he bumped into them. Adam tried to see Gerard in the throng of early morning pedestrians but he'd vanished from sight.

\\This must be fate.\\ Adam decided as he pocketed the wallet.

* * *

Sam had spent some hours browsing through a library, then some more just walking the streets. Now he found himself on a park bench watching shadows grow longer.

Outwardly he was calm but inside he was all turmoil. The man he'd seen had looked just like Noah Newman. But Noah had died right in front of him, in the ambulance. Noah was dead and... buried?

\\No, not really.\\

Sam recalled the shock and revulsion he'd felt when they were informed that Noah's remains had been stolen \\Stolen?!\\ from the morgue. What kind of creep would steal someone's remains? \\This isn't the dark ages, for crying out loud!\\

He remembered the small memorial service he'd attended. Noah's adoptive parents were still in a kind of shock and the half-hearted attempts at conversation from the team had failed miserably.

And all along he'd had this nagging feeling that it couldn't be true. Noah couldn't be dead. Not that way. And seeing a young man who could have been his clone made it all come back with a vengeance.

Still, nothing to be done. He'd never see Noah or his lookalike again. He recalled something he'd heard in a movie: "Get busy living, or get busy dying." Sam had never been the suicidal type so he went home.

* * *

Unlocking his apartment door he found a note slipped under. In neat, flowing script it stated:

Mr. Gerard, I found your wallet and called here to return it, but you were not home. If you'd care to come see me this evening at my hotel I'd be glad to return it to you. Yours, Adam Pierson, Chicago Hilton

Sam slapped a hand to his pocket. \\Well, whadaya know.\\ It wasn't there. He wondered where he'd dropped it and how much money it had contained. He supposed he was lucky. Pierson seemed honest in his attempt to return the wallet. He could just as easily have taken the money with none the wiser. He checked his watch. 5:27pm. Enough time for a shower.

* * *

Forty minutes later he knocked on a door in the Chicago Hilton. He remembered another time he'd been there, running on the roof, following his fugitive to the laundry room. Arresting the bad guy.

Releasing poor Kimble. It all seemed so long ago.

The door opened, revealing the man he'd spoken to that morning on the street. The man smiled at his surprise. "Mr. Gerard? I'm Adam Pierson. Would you like to come in?"

"Sure." He followed Pierson inside. He was impressed with the suite. Two rooms, a sitting room, bathroom and kitchen area made for a very comfortable stay. Pierson had an income that belied his appearance.

"Something to drink?" Pierson asked. "They stock some pretty good beer..."

"Any Red Dog?"

"I can but check," Pierson grinned.

To Sam's amazement he produced a bottle of Red Dog beer. He expertly removed the cap, flipped it behind the freezer and handed the bottle to Sam. Then he chose himself a bottle and went through the same routine.

"Have a seat. Mi casa es su casa," Pierson said, sprawling on a couch.

Sam sat down. "Say what?"

"Oh... 'My house is your house'... loosely translated... in this case I guess it's 'My hotel room...'"

"Ah... so, where'd you find my wallet?"

Pierson grinned again. "Right at my feet..." He relented at Sam's look. "You must have dropped it when you bumped into us this morning. You left so quickly I couldn't call you back in time."

He got up, rummaged in the pocket of his coat, hanging on a hook in the wall, and produced Sam's wallet. "There you are."

"Thanks." Sam opened the wallet to give the man some money, then considered the hotel room. "\\Man makes more money than I do.\\ Looking up he found Pierson looking amused, as if he'd read Sam's mind.

"I don't want a reward," he said, smiling.

"You read minds?"

"Only on Saturdays." Pierson resumed his sprawl.

Sam finished his beer. "Well, Mr. Pierson..."

"Call me Adam, please."

"Ok... Adam, I owe you my gratitude ... anything I can do for you?"

Adam considered. "Tell me what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong!" Sam snapped. "I'd better go."

Adam relaxed, if possible, even further into his sprawl. "You sure you don't want to talk about it?"

Sam stood up. "What are you, a psychologist?"

"I'm just a guy... a student of human nature, perhaps."

"Well, thanks, but I don't think I want to be studied right now."

Adam sighed, then stood up. "Ok. It was nice meeting you." He held out a hand and after a moment Sam shook it.

Adam let Sam out at the door, watched him get on the elevator, then rapped loudly on the wall. A moment later Noah appeared in the doorway. When he saw Adam alone there he entered and closed the door.

"What did he say?" he asked excitedly.

"He didn't say much," Adam said. He considered the young Immortal. "Your boss is one seriously unhappy man."

He watched as Noah's excited face fell. "Unhappy? What about? It's not about... me, is it?"

"I don't know. He didn't want to talk about it."

Noah smiled sadly. "He never talked to anyone about himself, you know. It was only the job, for him."

"Then maybe he's not unhappy about you after all."

"I wish..." Noah started wistfully.

"That you hadn't died? That it could all be the way it was? That you could turn back time? Sorry Noah, it doesn't work that way. You're Immortal now; no use in wishing it otherwise. Believe me, I've tried," Adam said vehemently.

"No... I..." Noah stammered. "I wanted to say... 'I wish I could help him'."

It stumped Adam for a moment. \\Oh great! Another boy-scout in the making. You let a kid meet MacLeod for ten seconds and he wants to save the world... or its population, individually.\\

"Help him? Are you crazy? Noah, you're *dead*. If you show up live now it'll raise too many questions."

Noah regarded him seriously. "Adam, you have mortal friends who know what you are."

"No, no, huh-uh, stop right there. I have *one* mortal friend who also happens to be a Watcher... and that's why he knows what I am, not the other way round."

"But you trust him?"

"Of course I trust him!"

"I trust Sam Gerard. With my life."

"And with mine?" Adam knew that was unfair but he hadn't lived five thousand years by being nice.

"Yes."

"I hope you're right," Adam groaned. The kid had won again. Noah had the innate skill of converting people to his cause. Something about the honest youthfulness of his face; the innocent enthusiasm and unexpected earnestness that took you by surprise and had you agreeing against your better judgement.

After Amanda had rescued the young man from the morgue, she'd trained him for a while, then sent him to MacLeod for 'Advanced Sword Technique', in other words, to get him out of her hair while she went to Europe on another of her shady adventures.

It was inevitable that Methos would meet Noah. And like him. Hell, *everybody* liked him. But his built-in sense of self-preservation made him keep his cover: Adam Pierson, young, gentle, and scholastic guy who likes beer and who avoids Challenges if possible. Not Methos, oldest living Immortal, a myth, someone who'd be constantly hunted if other Immortals knew he was still alive.

What surprised him was how much it actually hurt to lie to this enthusiastic young man.

* * *

I dreamt I saw you walking up a hillside in the snow

Casting shadows on the winter sky as you stood there

counting crows

One for sorrow

Two for joy

Three for girls and four for boys

Five for silver

Six for gold and

Seven for a secret never to be told

Counting Crows - A Murder of One

He was running hard, focused only on reaching and catching the man in front of him. He'd long since left the rest of his team behind and he too was losing ground. The man running away from him jumped over ditches and kept going as if having boundless energy.

He somehow gathered another breath. \\I can stop him...\\ he realized. His Glock was in his hands and he aimed at the running man's right leg. The gun went off. \\NO.\\ The man jerked and went down, the bullet having ripped through his chest.

He turned the man over, remorse foremost in his mind. And looked into the terrified eyes of the man who was as dear to him as a son, a man who was trying to breathe, and trying to breathe...

\\Noah!\\

* * *

Adam opened his hotel door blearily. It had taken a moment to realize what had awakened him, then another knock confirmed his guess. He donned a hotel bathrobe and padded to the door. \\This had better be good.\\ He turned the key.

Sam Gerard was sitting on the floor next to the door, his back to the wall.

"Sam?"

At Adam's voice he looked up. "I can't sleep anymore."

"So I see." Adam reached a hand and pulled Sam upright. "Come on in." He noticed that the man was dripping wet. \\He'd walked here in the rain.\\

"Wait here," he instructed and went to the bedroom, leaving Sam dripping occasionally on the floor. After a moment he reappeared holding a gray sweatshirt and pants.

"Put these on, Sam," pointing to the bathroom. Sam meekly went to change. A few minutes later he came out, barefoot with hair mussed from drying, but looking less like a drowned rat.

Adam had made some coffee by this time and presented Sam with a cup.

"Come to tell me what's wrong?" he asked.

Sam sank into a chair. "I killed him."

"Who?"

"Noah."

Adam felt confused. \\Noah never said that...\\ "What do you mean?" he asked, sitting forward.

"In the dream. I meant to stop him from jumping and I killed him... it was Noah, all the time..."

\\A dream. Oh.\\ "It was just a dream, Sam," he said comfortingly.

"No!" Sam exclaimed. "Don't you see? It's true. I killed him; it's my fault that he died."

"Why don't you start at the beginning?" Adam suggested.

"I drove him too hard. And when the chase was on I forced him to wait outside, and I didn't answer when he called. So he came upstairs and Royce shot him... and he only wanted to help..." Sam leaned forward and sat with his head between his hands. "And afterward everyone was properly sad but life goes on, Sam; there's another fugitive to catch, Sam; and I don't... I just can't see the... reason... anymore..." He sat like that for a moment, then threw his hands up in self-disgust. "And now I'm here, keeping up a perfect stranger... I'm sorry, Adam."

Adam smiled. "I'm glad you came, actually... ok, maybe not glad that you came at three a.m. but that can be forgiven."

Sam looked at him questioningly. "Why?"

"Because I have a story to tell you... if you're willing to listen and not repeat it..."

Sam grimaced. \\Strings attached.\\ the analytical portion of his brain noted. \\What the hell.\\ "I have time."

"Ok... It's the story of a young man who was found on the steps of a small-town police station as a baby. As such stories go he was sent by the proper authorities to an orphanage, and because this is a happy story, he was adopted by two wonderful people who loved him as their own." Adam paused to pour himself some more coffee, pleased to see he had Sam's full attention.

"Our hero," he resumed. "Let's call him Noah..." Sam started up, then subsided. "...Noah..." Adam continued. "was an excellent student at school but his passion was to become a U.S. Marshal..."

"How do you know all this?" Sam asked quietly.

"I'll come to that," Adam answered. "Where was I? Oh yes. He wanted to become a Marshal. So he went through the training and to his delight he was assigned to the team of the great Sam Gerard. He soon found out that working for a legend had its drawbacks. No-one worked harder than Noah, though, for Sam's approval, and now and then he managed to get it." Adam cast a sidelong glance at Sam, who sat as if riveted to the chair.

"Then one day," he continued. "Sam ordered him to wait for the cops, while he himself went upstairs to find the fugitive. Noah called him on the radio but Sam had a need for silence, and didn't answer. So when the cops arrived he followed to see if Sam was alright, and to help if necessary. And he got shot by the traitor Royce and couldn't even tell Sam what happened. And he died."

"I thought you said this is a happy story," Sam grumbled, his eyes red.

"I'm not finished yet," Adam said. "Later that afternoon, Noah woke up in the morgue..."

"What's this bullshit?" Sam erupted.

"Sam... Sam, will you let me finish? You can ask all you want later."

Sam nodded mutely. Adam took that as a yes and continued his story.

"He woke up in the morgue and thought that he had died and was a ghost. Then a shady adventuress called Amanda showed up and told him that he was not dead; that in fact, he could not die at all..."

"And that's your story?" Sam interrupted. "I've read better."

"Can I show you something?"

"Sure, go ahead. Your writing credits?" Sam found refuge in sarcasm.

Adam retrieved a pocketknife. \\Well, here goes.\\ He carefully made a cut across the palm of his left hand. At Sam's instinctive protest he said: "Look." and held the hand for Sam to see. The cut healed in seconds, and Adam wiped the blood off to show that not even a scar remained.

Sam stared at him in astonishment. "How...?"

"I am Immortal, Sam," Adam said with a small smile. \\I hate this part.\\ "and so is Noah..."

"What?" Sam was on his feet again, unable to sit still as the laws of his universe came crashing down. "You mean you can't die?"

"Mostly correct. I can die if I lose my head. I'm much older than I look," Adam said. \\Now he'll ask the age question ... and I'll lie, as usual...\\

"So how old are you?"

"Um, let's just say I know Helen of Troy wasn't all that remarkable, and it was a hundred ships, not a thousand..."

Sam still wasn't buying it. "You expect me to believe that? How do I know this isn't some kind of trick?"

\\Ah, final proof needed.\\ "Well, why don't you ask Noah? He's sleeping in the next room."

As the words reached him, Sam suddenly quieted. "Noah?... I..." "It's only fair that I wake him for this," Adam said, stood up and knocked on the wall.

A few minutes later the door opened and a disheveled Noah felt his way in, blinking in the light. "Do you know what time it is?" he asked, then focused properly and saw Sam standing there, looking as if his very foundations had been shaken.

* * *

Though I know that evening's empire has returned into sand
Vanished from my hand
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet
I have no one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming
Bob Dylan - Mr. Tambourine Man

Sam stared speechlessly at the man in front of him, unheeded tears
escaping his eyes. The man whose death he'd blamed himself for; the
man whom he'd loved like a son, and never told. \\Noah. Alive!\\

"Oh Sam, I'm so sorry!" Noah's words cut through his stupor and
shocked some semblance of normality into him. He found he still
possessed a voice.

"Sorry? Whatever for?" If anyone had to be sorry, it was himself.
Never Noah.

"For pretending not to know you. I should have talked to you
yesterday..."

He was interrupted by a snort from Adam. "He'd have had a heart
attack right there in the street if you did. It's better this way."

Sam could only nod in agreement. This day was turning out
particularly weird but at least it did so relatively slowly. No way
of knowing how he would have reacted to all of it at once. As it was,
it still felt as if the building wasn't all that steady. \\Or my legs
are wobbly.\\ He contemplated the young man. Serious Noah, all
wide-eyed and anxiously watching him, waiting for some sort of
reaction he could classify. \\I don't know how to react.\\ But he
realized he couldn't stand and stare at the boy forever.

"Oh Noah..." he sighed, turning away to look out the window at the
city lights.

He heard a soft step behind him and then a tentative hand touched his
shoulder. "Sam?"

\\Why is this so difficult?\\ He turned around to face Noah. \\If I
could just...yes!\\ And he stepped forward and gripped the young man
in a fierce hug. "You're real..."

Noah, who'd frozen in surprise at the unexpected contact, relaxed and returned the hug. "Yes, Sam," he answered. Holding on a moment longer, he stepped back and gently guided Sam to a chair, noticing on the way that Adam was still watching, grinning like the Cheshire cat.

"Well, *doctor* Pierson," Noah asked, grinning as well. "Do you think Sam will be ok now?"

Adam smirked. "Oh, undoubtedly so. How not, after he'd received the magical Newman hug?"

"That your professional opinion or just a well-informed guess?" Noah asked. He kept an eye on Sam. Though their banter was easing the atmosphere a bit, he knew that Sam had a lot on his mind and that he would start to question before long. At least it looked to Noah as if Sam was handling the whole thing calmly, but that was only what he expected from the man he'd come to know as the epitome of single-minded efficiency and determination.

Sam listened with half an ear. Something about Noah was different. \\Ok, except for the fact that he's not dead.\\ This Noah was a lot more confident than the one he'd known. \\A year older, after all.\\ And of course, when Noah had worked for him he had been the trainee, the junior member of the team. \\What is he now?\\ He finally found a question that should provide an adequate answer.

"What happened to you, Noah?"

Noah considered his answer. "How much did you tell him, Adam?" he asked the other Immortal, sprawled comfortably on the couch.

"Barely scratched the surface, kid."

\\Oh, great.\\ "Then I have to tell him everything? The Game, all that?"

"Hey, you said *you* wanted to tell him..." Adam said, then ducked as Noah whipped a slipper from his foot and threw it at him. "Hey, no fair!"

"That's for all the extra work," Noah grinned, then sobered. "It's not easy to tell you, Sam. You already know we're Immortal, but there's a lot more to it than that... and some of it would be considered illegal..." He stopped as Sam looked up. But the look in Sam's eyes was curious, not judgmental, and he remembered that Sam had found it in him to give even a fugitive like Kimble the benefit of the doubt, and to hear his side of the story. Encouraged, he continued.

"Most Immortals go around taking heads... we call it the Game..."

"Heads?" Sam asked, confused.

"Yeah," Adam interrupted. "You know, Immortal heads..." He gave Sam a smile. "De...ca...pi..." he stopped as Noah threw his other slipper at him.

"Adam!"

"Oh, alright. Sorry Sam." Adam gave his best approximation of contriteness, which didn't fool anyone.

"Anyway..." Noah continued. "After I woke up not dead, Amanda trained me for a while and then she sent me to a friend of Adam's for advanced training."

Sam felt as if he was still missing something. "Training?"

"Sword training." Noah could see Sam did not fully grasp the concept. "Hang on..." He stood up, went to his room and came back with his sword. Sam gasped as the light glinted on the naked blade. Noah held the weapon with an easy familiarity that spoke of intensive training and Sam suddenly realized that Noah's confidence sprang from his knowledge that he could wield such a weapon. Then Adam's comment about heads reminded him of the purpose of the magnificent blade.

"You... you kill people, Noah?" He could not picture gentle Noah as a murderer. "Oh, Sam, I don't walk around lobbing off heads ... but sometimes I'm Challenged."

"Why?"

Adam took that as his cue. "Because... in the end, there can be only one..." he intoned dramatically. Noah struck a Duncan MacLeod pose and grinned.

Sam shook his head. "This is all so..."

"Weird?" Adam asked. "We know... and we haven't even begun to tell you everything. It's easier if you keep a sense of humor about the whole thing."

Noah stashed his sword and sat down. "I know you have a lot of questions, Sam," he started. "And I'll try to answer them all but not now. You look like hell."

It was true, Adam reflected. Gerard still had the look of someone who woke up one morning to find himself on another planet, and his lack of sleep showed clearly. But Sam did not want to sleep just yet. So he stubbornly shook himself more awake.

"You surely don't spend all your time sword fighting?"

"No," Noah laughed. "I'm a private eye..." He stopped at Sam's incredulous look. "Well, think about it. I couldn't go back to being a Marshal, so this is the second-best way to use all the skills you taught me..."

"And Adam?"

"I'm his sidekick," Adam replied happily.

"Mm, before that," Sam qualified the question.

"Oh, you name it: bank robber, medical doctor, slave, general,

historical researcher..."

"I get the picture," Sam smiled. "You mentioned Helen of Troy... when was that?"

But his question had the result of Adam suddenly going pale and Noah sitting up straight.

"What?" Sam asked.

"Helen of Troy?" Noah exclaimed. "Adam, I had no idea you were that old!" Adam mumbled something.

"Sorry?"

"I said: 'Older'," Adam said more distinctly. "I don't know why but I have this sudden urge to be honest... and it's going to cost me, I know it."

"Honest about what?" Noah asked, serious attention turned full-beam on Adam.

Adam groaned. "Will you keep my secret? Both of you?"

Noah nodded yes immediately. Sam thought a moment, then agreed. "\\Not like I can tell anyone about this anyway.\\

"I'm Methos."

Noah gasped at the statement but it meant nothing to Sam. "Who?"

"The oldest living Immortal," Noah explained. This was so unexpected. Adam did not seem all that old.

"How old?" Sam asked, on cue.

"I'm pretty sure about five thousand years... before that things are a bit blurry..." Adam replied as if it was no big deal.

"\\Five thousand...\\ "Aren't you incredibly bored by now?" Sam voiced the thought in his head.

Adam laughed. "Oh, no... this century is pretty good... much better music, for one..."

"So sayeth the world's most cultured man," Noah laughed. "Sam, how is everyone? Cosmo, Biggs, Coop?"

Sam smiled his rare smile, beaming the pride he felt for his kids. "They're ok... working hard, of course..." and scowled as he remembered his own inaction.

"What's wrong?" Noah asked, alarmed by Sam's change in mood.

"I'm on leave..." Sam replied glumly. Adam's muted peals of laughter did not help.

"You're bored!" Adam managed between gasps. "Is that all?"

Sam glared at him. "\\My instant psychologist.\\ \"You have any suggestions?\"

"Why, yes! Come with us back to Seacouver... You can see the sights, meet Duncan... and Joe Dawson..." He stopped as Noah abruptly got to his feet.

"What?"

"You're not making Sam a Watcher!" he said, angrily.

"A what?" Sam, having missed something again.

"A Watcher," Adam was quick to explain. "There are mortals who follow Immortals around and chronicle their lives. I just thought you'd like to have something to do besides following fugitives... we could use a Watcher in the Marshal's service."

"Yeah," Noah interrupted. "To pull strings for us and look the other way for us..."

"Can I at least have the choice?" Sam asked quietly.

Noah realized that they'd been talking about Sam as if he wasn't there. "Of course, Sam," he answered. "I'm sorry. I just didn't want Adam to manipulate you into anything. I'd love for you to come with us and meet everyone but I'll never ask you to be a Watcher unless that's what you want to do." He looked at Adam who was sitting with one eyebrow raised. "And I know you mean well, old guy, but please don't try anything sneaky with my boss."

For once, Adam seemed to consider what Noah said seriously. Then he nodded. "Alright Noah, I'll be good... mostly..." The reverse at the end together with the wicked grin was a reminder that Adam Pierson, Methos, was not to be taken too seriously. In fact, Sam reflected, he was best described as 'mercurial'.

"When are you leaving?" Sam asked.

Adam looked at his watch. "In, oh, three hours." Sure enough, the sky outside was considerably lighter. They'd talked away the whole night. Sam suddenly felt incredibly tired.

"That's it!" Adam exclaimed. They looked at him in surprise. "Sam, you go get some rest." He pointed at his room. "Noah, you too. After breakfast we can go by Sam's place to get his stuff, and then we're out of here!"

Sam marveled at how commanding Adam had become as he obediently went where he was sent. As he started to fall asleep, he realized that, at least for the next week or so, life was bound to be more interesting.

\\Noah. Alive. Well, whadaya know...\\

Take me with you on this journey

Where the boundaries of time are now tossed

In cathedrals of the forest

In the words of the tongues now lost

Loreena McKennit - Night ride across the Caucasus

The End

Disclaimer and Notes:

The characters of Adam, Duncan, Amanda and Joe, and the concept of Immortals belong to Rysher: Panzer/Davis.

Sam, Noah, Catherine, Biggs, Cosmo and Cooper are based on characters created by Roy Huggins.

I don't own any of them and I profit nothing from this, except my own enjoyment. Suing me won't help, I'm much too poor...

I started to write this story, then vaguely remembered that I'd read another fanfic long ago, in which Noah woke up in the morgue... Thanks to Gina at the Forum I found that it was LadyHawk's fine story, Awakenings. Seeing that she'd already done some of the work for me, it's only fair that I say thanks here...

The movie quote is from "The Shawshank Redemption."

The song lyrics are used without permission.

When the disclaimer threatens to become longer than the story, the author needs to be stopped. Do your best by sending feedback!

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End
file.